This Is Halloween

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This Is Halloween

by DancingSkys

Summary

A Halloween-themed Play Party? Oh hell yes!
Although Namjoon and Yoongi get a bit held up in their preperations they still manage to attend the Play Party.

Notes

I got this request quite some time ago like most other ones as well and I though 'Oh it's so long until Halloween, you have a ton of time for this'
...
Yeah, right. I ended up starting with this a week ago and only finished this now which is why it's not edited yet but I don't want to wait longer with the upload. It's still Halloween in my time zone so it still counts~
Sorry for not updating for so long but I have two more updates mostly finished so hopefully you won't have to wait as long for a new update this time. I'm doing my best >o<
I hope you'll like this~

The Q&A for this story is still open, ask my characters or me something on Tumblr DancingSkys
or Twitter @Dancing_Skys and I'll answer the questions in a seperate story
I'll post only the questions, not the one who sent them in so no worries. Don't be shy to ask, no matter what it is. I don't have many questions yet so hopefully some more will be sent in :)

“Hold still, you’re gonna mess it up.”

“M’ sorry.”

“Stop bobbing your leg.”

“Sorry.”

“God damnit Namjoon, can you please just stop?!”

“I’m sorry,” the older whined and Yoongi scowled down at him.

“Stop whining,” he just snapped and went back to work.

“I can’t help it,” the lawyer mumbled. “You look really hot with black hair.”

Yoongi leaned back and narrowed his eyes at his boyfriend, staring him down until the elder crumbled under his gaze. “I mean it!” he tried to defend himself. “I’ve never seen you with dark hair and then you suddenly turn up here like *that* and it makes me feel a lot of questionable things,” he complained and Yoongi narrowed his eyes even further. “You make it sound like I suddenly turned into a stripper in a leather corset.”

“You might as well,” Namjoon mumbled under his breath but his boyfriend had still heard him and slapped his chest with a glare. “I will not gonna wear a leather corset,” he sneered and Namjoon pouted almost. “Why not, you’d look good in it.”

The younger’s ears turned red in embarrassment and he huffed, going back to what he had been doing before and leaning in slightly.

They were at Namjoon’s apartment and it was the 30th of October which meant Halloween was literally only around the corner and of course the BDSM community used every chance to throw another party. Everyone loved theme parties and Halloween was the perfect opportunity to get all those kinky people to get really kinky.

Like *really kinky* .

Yoongi honestly wasn’t too much into dressing up but somehow he

found himself liking the idea of using this chance to kind of… come out of his shell a little. Everyone would be dressed up because that was the dress code.

Namjoon being the kind of person he was obviously had even less experience with dressing up like this than Yoongi did so the younger had taken it upon himself to practise a little on his boyfriend to be sure he'd get the makeup down perfectly on the day itself. There was nothing worse than stressing over ruined makeup.

For this the older had been seated in his comfy office chair with a bunch of different Halloween themed and normal makeup products lined up on his desk. Yoongi was seated on his lap so they were chest to chest. For better access, he claimed, but Namjoon didn't care for the reason, he was simply happy to have his boyfriend on his lap and… Yoongi's feet… Didn't. Reach. The. Ground.

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THIS WAS DOING TO NAMJOON'S POOR HEART?!

Yes, so, Yoongi was on Namjoon's lap, concentrating on his task of turning his lover into the sexiest vampire he and the whole world had ever seen and once he deemed everything to be done he leaned back and a proud smirk sneaked onto his face. "I like this," he declared. "You should look like this more often."

Namjoon snorted softly. "Yeah, I'm sure the judge will tremble at the mere sight of me."

Yoongi smiled happily. "You'll be the sexy vampire lawyer, that's double sexy," he said and wrapped his arms around his lover's neck, enjoying that he was taller for once.

"Why double, hm?" The older asked and pulled the younger the slightest bit closer by wrapping his arms around his waist, smiling up at him before leaning in to nuzzle his neck, pressing a small kiss behind his ear.

"Because being a lawyer is already sexy," Yoongi replied, pulling up his shoulders slightly and sounding like he was trying to stifle a giggle at the elder's antics that continued for a while in silence, slowly trailing a bit further down his neck and over his jaw. "Do you think the same about the lazy, old lawyers who almost fall asleep in every meeting and have hair that looks like it hasn't been washed in weeks. Or the lovely ladies in their office wear and high heels, hm?" He bit down on the younger's neck gently but enough to make him whine

and squirm a bit in his lap.

“Nnngh… n-no, just the young men i-in suits and maybe glasses who look all professional and handsome,” Yoongi uttered, squirming more as Namjoon continued his ministration and the assault on his poor neck and throat, eyes fluttering shut and mouth falling open in a faint gasp as he nibbled on a particularly sensitive spot.

“Really now?” the elder murmured, voice dropping a bit and he could feel a tiny shiver going through Yoongi’s body which made him smirk. One of his hands wandered down to squeeze the soft flesh of one of his lover’s butt cheeks, getting a small twitch and a hitch of his breath out of him in response. “The young men in suits and glasses, hm?” he drawled lowly, continuing with massaging the younger’s butt with one hand.

“M-hm,” Yoongi hummed shakily, legs straining and feet searching for the ground for some leverage but he was unable to find any so he used his arms around the elder’s neck to hoist himself up higher and get the slightest, tiniest bit of friction which drew a faint, airy sound from his lips.

Namjoon really couldn’t keep himself from chuckling. “Look at you. Can you really get off on this idea alone, hm? Someone in a suit and glasses taking care of you?”

Yoongi’s legs next to Namjoon’s twitched and tightened for a moment, his hips bucking up slightly and a small, whimper-similar sound escaped him, his eyes squeezed shut.

“Seems like you can,” the older said and the black-haired hid his face in the side of his neck, biting his lower lip to keep the sounds in. Why was Namjoon so good at talking? He just needed a few of the right words and Yoongi turned into pudding… horny pudding.

They fooled around pretty often, why did he still get worked up so easily?

Oh, yeah… maybe because Namjoon was a sexy lawyer who was also a Master at dirty talk… or just talking in general… or turning Yoongi into a helpless mess.

Yeah… that’s probably it.

Yoongi had been too lost in circling his hips and grinding down onto Namjoon’s crotch to realize the older had turned the chair slightly and

that one hand had disappeared from his body to undo the string of his sweatpants and then do something else. He only realized this as something tugged on the back of his pants and slipped inside afterwards. It all went so fast, he had barely time to blink his eyes open before something cold and slippery dove down into his pants and a slicked up finger was pushed inside of him, a loud moan falling from his lips at the intrusion and his hips bucking again.

He squeezed his eyes shut and whined, clutching onto the elder's shirt before he had overcome the initial shock and settled down a bit again, letting the older stretch him without complaints and just rolling his hips ever so slightly.

This went on until three fingers were inside of him and he was whining for more in the back of his throat. Since Namjoon didn't make any attempts of doing anything he had to take matters into his own hands so he reached back and grabbed the lawyer's wrist, whining as he pulled his hand back and his fingers slipped out. He straightened his back slightly and pulled the fingers to his mouth, lapping up the remaining lube which he knew drove Namjoon wild if the almost strained, wide-eyed look on his face was anything to go by but maybe it was Yoongi own hazy and glassy look.

Once he was done he shuffled around which turned out to be quite difficult without any leverage but he managed somehow. He succeeded in opening the elder's pants and pushing them down as far as possible to take out his hard length, a breathy whine escaping him and his mouth watering. He would have liked to bend down and lick it, take it into his mouth but he wasn't flexible enough for that and he was *not* about to get off the elder's lap.

Oh hell no.

He reached over and got the opened bottle of lube after a few tries, squeezing it and making it drip onto the elder's length messily, some soaking into his pants but who cared? Pants could be washed.

Yoongi made sure it was all slick and wet because he lived for everything being messy and wet, before he tossed the bottle away carelessly and started struggling with his own pants.

"It's be easier if you got off," Namjoon said after a few moments but Yoongi just grunted a 'no' and continued until he had somehow gotten rid of them. He turned his attention back onto the task at hand, his pupils blown wide and his breath heavy. He pulled himself up again,

sliding over the elder's length which made the older grunt needily.

The black-haired reached back and grabbed what he wanted, shifting and struggling a bit. Everything was slippery by now and he just. Always. Missed. He huffed in frustration after the third failed try of getting the elder's dick inside of him and shuffling again.

No one knew how but he managed to get his knees onto the chair next to Namjoon thighs, lifting himself up and finally being able to navigate properly. It still took a few moments because he couldn't see but then he finally got the tip inside and sighed in relief. He slowly sunk down lower, eyes rolling up and his muscles growing slack which is why his knees slipped off the chair since there hadn't been much space for them in the first place.

So instead of slowly sinking down the rest of the lawyer's hard length was rammed into him which ripped a choked scream from his mouth and made him arch his back, Namjoon groaning loudly and throwing his head back while his hands grabbed Yoongi's small waist and his fingers dug into the soft skin, keeping the younger upright and steady.

The black-haired was gasping for air, whining in between and unable to stop shaking. Because his feet didn't reach the ground everything was weighing down and the older was so, so deep inside of him and so suddenly. He hadn't really been prepared for this and he could feel his entrance pulsating around the thick length that was stuffing him full, whining again at the mere thought.

"Fuck," Namjoon cursed lowly, head still thrown back and the veins at the side of his neck were throbbing. "Try not to get yourself killed on my dick, yeah, pumpkin?" he almost wheezed. "So eager, fuck."

Yoongi just made a needy sound and tried to move, bucking his hips and reaching for the elder's neck again after a few tries, wrapping his arms around him and pulling himself up before dropping down again, his legs dangling from the chair uselessly.

"You're so hot," Namjoon growled into his ear, trying to help him move as much as he could and bucking his hips up as well, which made Yoongi choke the first few times. "So hot when you get bossy and wanna ride me," he continued and the younger whined. "S-shut up," he gasped, nails scratching over the elder's neck as he hit his sweet spot.

"So good, just for me," the older continued anyway. "Gotta go to the bed, pumpkin, gonna fuck you real good and hard," he growled and

Yoongi's body quivered in his hold.

"N-no, go-onna stay h-here," Yoongi insisted, trying to go faster and tightening around the older who groaned again. "That's it, just like that," he murmured huskily, his hold on his boyfriend's hips tightening and aiding his movements even more.

It was more rutting than actual thrusting but none of the two cared. It was enough for now and soon Yoongi came in between in their stomach and chests, hips stuttering and legs trying to squeeze together. Namjoon urged him to continue so he started rolling his lips again as much as he could from where he was lying on the elder's chest, tightening around him until the lawyer groaned and came as well, Yoongi whining softly at the feeling.

They two of them fell into silence, both panting and trying to come down from their height and catch their breath, eyes closed to enjoy the moment. One of Namjoon's hands was going through Yoongi's hair, wiping away some droplets of sweat and massaging his scalp. The younger sighed softly, body completely relaxed.

"That was nice," Namjoon mumbled and Yoongi hummed softly.

The position was probably a bit awkward with him lying on top of Namjoon and with the elder's dick still inside of him but he kind of… liked the feeling. At least until he would start to feel gross because of all the lube and cum but for now it was nice which is why he didn't have even the slightest intention of moving.

…

And why Namjoon had to wait half an hour before Yoongi was finally willing to get off without whining and making a fuss.

The preparations the next day took forever because Taehyung had sent them a pic of his and Jungkook's looks and Yoongi was too competitive to make something half-assed so he went all out, using his limited knowledge of makeup to turn Namjoon and himself into the hottest vampire and demon the world has ever seen.

It was a bit difficult to get the makeup onto Namjoon face because the older wouldn't stop marking up his lover's neck which was by now

covered in hickeys. “Can you please just stop for five minutes,” Yoongi whined, seated in the same position as the day before. “I’m gonna mess up your eyes if you keep on sucking on my neck.”

The lawyer huffed and leaned back slightly, letting the younger work on his eye makeup with a concentrated look on his face, his eyebrows furrowed just slightly and his tongue poking out of his mouth which he often did when he was perfecting something small and while Namjoon usually found it endearing he could barely stop himself from squealing upon seeing it up close and right in front of him.

He was already wearing most of his costume which consisted of an all black outfit, a flowy satin shirt that was tugged into his pants and shiny shoes. He had several rings on his fingers and he might have looked like a fancy business owner of some clothing company if it hadn’t been for the dark red contacts and his pale complexion. Yoongi had really worked some magic, using an incredibly light foundation mixed with some white so it wouldn’t look like he had just rolled his face in some white paint. The younger was currently making sure the light red hues around the lawyer’s eyes weren’t too bold and that his eyeliner was even before leaning back and taking in his work, smiling proudly once he was satisfied. “You look good,” he said and Namjoon smiled, leaning in and kissing his lover. “Thanks for turning me into a sexy vampire, pumpkin,” he breathed against the other’s lips.

Yoongi couldn’t hide a grin. “A sexy lawyer vampire, I like that,” he snickered. “But I need to get ready too.”

First Namjoon didn’t know what exactly the hidden message of that sentence was until his lover patted one of his hands that were holding the younger’s hips tightly and kept him in place. He pursed his lips, not really wanting to let go but figuring he had to. Yoongi climbed down from his lap and went to wash his hands before he took out his own costume.

He changed into tight leather pants and the older didn’t even try to be subtle as he stared at his ass because damn did it look good in those pants and Yoongi *knew* , smirking at his boyfriend through the mirror and making a show out of taking off his shirt. “You little tease,” Namjoon called and Yoongi poked out his tongue and winked before grabbing his new shirt and putting it on. It was flimsy little thing, a loosely knitted, thin black sweater with some rips and holes which made his skin peek through more prominently. It had a wide neckline and Namjoon wondered how often it would slip down on of his shoulder ever so slightly.

If someone had told him Yoongi would look like this after their first meeting he would have cackled like a madman and declared that person crazy but now… Yoongi had gotten a lot more confident, especially regarding things in the BDSM community. It wasn't that he didn't get shy anymore, he still did, a lot actually, but when he was with Namjoon he sometimes dared to be a bit bolder.

The student opened the closet and rummage through their not so little arsenal of playstuff until he found what he wanted. He turned around and walked up to Namjoon, holding out the thick black collar for the older to take. The lawyer just smiled and stood up from his chair, taking the collar and strapping it around his lover's neck like he did every so often. Yoongi sent him a sweet smile before going back to the mirror to take care of his own makeup. He had practise this even more than Namjoon's and got it all completely set after roughly thirty minutes, icy blue contacts in place and making him look completely different.

His eyes were lined heavily, his face sculpted with a cool contour to make his sharp features stand out even more. The color of his lips was a bit muted with the help of foundation and he had managed to make a gradient with a red lip tint. The last touch was a black hairband with a pair of slightly curled horns, not too big and not too small. All together he looked even paler than Namjoon, especially with the black hair and blue eyes but beautiful nevertheless, like and ethereal being out of a fantasy novel… except the hickeys all over his neck which he had left uncovered on purpose.

He turned around to Namjoon who smiled and nodded his head. "You look great," he said and Yoongi smiled happily, standing up from his spot on the floor and sorting out his clothes again to make sure everything was in place. He checked Namjoon again and reapplied some of the red lip stain to make the color pop a little more before dragging the older to the bathroom and applying the little vampire fangs, beaming happily once everything was finally in place.

"You ready to go?" Namjoon asked and Yoongi nodded but froze a second later, eyes wide and holding up his finger as if to tell Namjoon to wait and dashed off. The older raised an eyebrow and stepped out of the bathroom, leaning against the back of the couch in the living room and waiting for his lover to return which he did after a few short moments, holding something which he soon pushed into his boyfriend's hands.

Namjoon raised an eyebrow but grinned as he saw the item.

It was a metal chain that could be clipped to the front of Yoongi's collar.

Right, because he wasn't just a demon, no, he was Namjoon's demon, the vampire's very own blood supply that of course needed to be kept o a leash so he wouldn't escape.

They grabbed their coats and other stuff before leaving the apartment and taking the elevator down to the garage, climbing into the elder's car and starting the little journey to where the party was being held.

Yoongi was double excited, almost bouncing in his seat. He had asked Namjoon if it was okay to not go as his sub this time and of course the older was fine with it. It wasn't like Yoongi had to be his sub at these parties, just that most of the time he felt more comfortable that way but this time he wanted to go as Namjoon's little demon and not his sub.

He checked his appearance one last time in the small mirror of the car, smirking at himself because damn, he looked really good and those pale contacts honestly made him look like a fantasy creature and he enjoyed that very much. It wasn't often that he got to dress up and actually enjoyed it but this time he was sure he'd have a great time.

His friend's had asked him if he had plans yet because there was a house party at someone's but he wasn't really the type who enjoyed those parties where you only went to drink and dance, let people sur drunken flirts his way or watch out for some of his friends who didn't know their alcohol limit. It was nice to know no one would be drunk at the party and that the people were all… very nice and there for the same reason which wasn't an easy one night stand.

Some people were outside for a smoke, smiling at them in greeting as they approached the house in an otherwise very industrial area. There had been many parties here so Yoongi was already familiar with the house and the area but it still looked different this time. There were carved out pumpkins lining the small pathway up to the house, the entrance decorated with skeletons, bats and spider webs. A bunch of candles were lit and spread a slightly spooky atmosphere.

Once inside they hung up their coats and Namjoon finally attached the chain to Yoongi's collar, grinning at him. "So my feisty little demon won't run away," he drawled and the younger smirked. "Wouldn't think of it, you'd catch me drink all my blood," he said and Namjoon chuckled almost darkly, red eyes glinting in the dim light. He leaned

and lifted his boyfriend's chin slightly. "That's right, so be a good little demon and behave."

They went further inside, the vampire tugging on the chain just a little to make sure his little demon followed him. Yoongi was impressed by a lot of the costumes people wore. It seemed many had put in a lot of effort to look nice and spooky or to represent a character while others had just thrown on something to look like… something. He didn't blame them, he wouldn't have put in much effort in most cases either but now he was kind of proud of his work because he knew he looked good and that Namjoon looked downright sexy.

This was proven even further as some heady turned as the walked past, one girl even grinning as she saw the chain and realized the purpose behind it. Yoongi had talked to her a few times briefly and he grinned back as she gave him a thumbs up in approval.

"Joon, over here," a voice called and both males looked around until the finally spotted Hoseok waving them over. He ad Jimin had claimed a spot close to the buffet, the younger still talking to another guy dressed like a bad Loki impersonator who soon took his leave. "Heeey," Hoseok said, beaming at the couple like always. He was dressed as Darth Vader although it looked like a costume you could buy for 10 bucks at a convenience store but again, not everyone was competitive to go up against Taehyung's costume ideas because who could beat a makeup artists in their own field?

Jimin had opted for a Chucky costume, his skin lightened with some white paint and some scars drawn on. He wore a red and white striped shirt and some pretty loose jeans overalls with one strap undone. Weapons were prohibited which is why he didn't carry a plastic knife with him. He smiled at the two as well as they approached.

"Oh I like this idea," Hoseok said, eyeing his friends' costumes. "A vampire and a demon, those are good ideas."

"It was Suga's idea," Namjoon said, Yoongi smiling proudly. It was still sometimes strange to be addressed by his nickname but many people used them at those parties because this was their little bubble away from their real lives. Some didn't use a nickname like Jimin for example. It was up to preference but it was an unspoken agreement to only use the nicknames at the parties so that's what they did.

"You look great," Jimin said, coming closer to inspect the costumes. "Did you use a headband for the horns?"

Yoongi hummed. “Yeah, that’s the easiest way to get them to stay on.”

“It’s great because you can’t even see it…. wait… this is a wig right?” Jimin suddenly asked, pointing to the younger’s hair with an unsure look, eyes widening as Yoongi just grinned. “You dyed your hair?!” he squeaked, flailing his arms. “Why didn’t you tell me you rascal! I said I wanted to chose your next color!”

The demon laughed loudly, need quite a while to calm down again because Jimin scandalized look was just too funny. “Sorry, it was supposed to be a surprise,” he said, fanning himself to make sure he didn’t get teary eyed, not wanting to ruin his makeup already. “This is not fair,” Jimin grumbled with a pout.

“How you think it was for me?” Namjoon asked in an almost offended manner. “He turned up like that yesterday and expected me to be totally cool with it!”

Yoongi was busy snickering behind his hands, finding this situation rather amusing and tried to not replay all of yesterday in his head. It was too early for all of that.

“It looks great,” Hoseok said, Jimin nodding his head in agreement and Yoongi thanked them.

It took another twenty minutes before the rest of the group showed up and in the meantime Yoongi had seen a pumpkin, four other vampires who all didn’t even get close to Namjoon’s level, one person with horns similar to his own, three cats, several witches and of course a ton of sexy-something’s, sexy nurse, sexy firefighter, sexy cat, sexy cop, sexy pilot, sexy… was that a cupcake? And no, not only women wore the sexy stuff.

Anyway, there was a lot more latex and leather than you’d find at a more… vanilla party as well as collars, leashes, blindfolds and masks but Yoongi had to admit that most people looked really nice and dressed up.

Jin had dressed up as Zorro, not the One Piece guy, and looked damn good with the low,cut shirt, the mask and the gloves, all in black and Yoongi must have stared for pretty long because Namjoon tugged on his leash which got him a spluttered sound from his boyfriend who turned to him in surprise. The older just raised a teasing eyebrow and once Yoongi understood he just smiled innocently.

But no one could deny that Jin was incredibly handsome. With broad

shoulder, a tall stature and a face worth of an widely known actor he always managed to draw people in. Most people were surprised to hear that he was single but then again it wasn't much of a surprise to those who knew him in a more person level. He was busy with his own restaurant 90% of the time and he wasn't really looking for a relationship. He had a few people who he met up with as a dom but that was about it and he was happy with just that. According to him he wasn't looking for a relationship, not now and probably not in the near future if not ever.

A whole different story were Taehyung and Jungkook though. These two were almost attached by the hip, even more than Namjoon and Yoongi were. Taehyung worked as a freelance makeup artist while Jungkook had a gaming channel on YouTube and a blog. They were able to spend a lot of time together which is what they did. They both had pretty popular instagram accounts and were active all over social media. Yoongi had once asked them if they weren't afraid of of people finding out about their involvement with the BDSM community and they had just looked at him for a few moments before looking at each other.

"Not really," Taehyung had said. "I mean, what's bad about it? There is no need to be secretive though I get why people do it but for us it doesn't really matter."

Jungkook had nodded his head in agreement.

Yoongi had been quite surprised by this laid back reaction but then again, Jungkook and Taehyung really weren't the more stereotypical couple you could think of. They were adventurous and lived with a free mindset. More often than not the took spontaneous trips to god knows where and they rest only found out because there were suddenly pics of them with pyramids in the background or standing in front of a giant waterfall. Their jobs made it easier for them to be this spontaneous and sometimes Yoongi was jealous of that.

Namjoon was rarely able to take days off, much less do it spontaneously so if there was something they wanted to do on a weekday they had to plan several weeks ahead. Thankfully the older made sure to not work overtime to much and to spend as much time as he could with his boyfriend but sometimes Yoongi also wanted to go on a spontaneous trip to Egypt of freaking Australia.

"Suga, you dyed your hair," Taehyung called as soon as he spotted the black-haired, flashing him his boxy grin. "Looking good." The male

had opted for a male version of Harley Quinn, his blond hair partly dyed in red and blue. His makeup helped to sculpt his face more and he had gotten everything down perfectly. Everyone could see who he was supposed to be even when the clothes were the slightest bit different.

Jungkook on the other hand looked like Taehyung had gone wild… or at least mildly wild. No one knew what Taehyung would be like when he went really wild. His theme seemed to be some sort of Voodoo doll or at least something along those lines. His boyfriend had used darker makeup as well as latex and cotton balls to create uneven skin and something like patched up holes that were stitched back together with red yarn. His eyes were almost completely black and his attire looked a bit like… well… a potato sack to be honest but it went pretty well with the whole look.

They talked about everything and nothing, occasionally slipping away to get some treats from the buffet. There were donuts with bat sprinkles, cauldron cupcakes, unicorn ice cream, pizzas in the shape of skulls and a lot more. Yoongi wished he was more skilled at cooking or baking and he would have brought something as well but sadly he wasn't able to do much more than most college students which was shame for occasions like these… or when he wanted to treat his boyfriend to a home-cooked meal.

The party was great, they watched some suspension bondage in the basement where people could play and demonstrate things, talked to some people, enjoyed good food and had an overall great time.

Yoongi and Namjoon stayed until after midnight and decided to head home at around two in the morning, Hoseok and Jimin having left already and Seokjin also seemed about to leave. Jungkook and Taehyung were still in the mood to party so they stayed a bit longer.

Once they were in the car and had put on their seatbelts Yoongi felt pretty sleepy but also happy. This had been a lot better than going to some dude's house party. He smiled to himself and pawed around, patting his boyfriend's thigh a few times and holding out his hand expectantly. Namjoon looked down, smiling as he realized what the younger wanted and took one hand from the steering wheel to hold Yoongi's hand until he had to change gears the next time which thankfully wasn't for a few minutes since there were no turns or traffic lights and since it was so early in the morning the were almost no other cars around. They did see a few groups of teenager and young adults staggering around once they got closer to the city center but the

streets were mostly empty.

“This was nice,” Yoongi mumbled, eyes fighting to stay open.

Namjoon hummed in agreement, smiling softly. “Is my little demon tired?” he drawled and Yoongi yawned loudly, shaking his head afterwards. “Not at all,” he mumbled, making his lover chuckle. “Of course not but remember I’m hungry so I’m gonna need a little snack once we’re home.”

Yoongi snuggled more into his seat, pushing his hands between his thighs as if to warm them and pulling up his shoulder slightly, looking like he was ready to go to sleep. “Get it when I’m n’ bed,” he mumbled.

The older laughed breathily and shook his head. “So you don’t mind me biting your neck and taking some of your blood?”

“Hmm… no,” Yoongi breathed out, eyes already closed and body relaxed. “Can bite me all you want.”

“Oh really?”

“Mhm.”

“Then how about I bite your neck a little bit and then I’ll cuddle you into infinity?”

“Sounds good,” the younger said quietly.

Thankfully they were home soon and Namjoon parked the car, turning off the engine and looking to his right where his boyfriend was not far from dozing off. He got out of the car and opened the door to the passenger seat, Yoongi’s eyes fluttering open slowly. “You coming, you’re highness,” the older teased and the black-haired sighed, raising his arms like he wanted a hug. As the perfect boyfriend Namjoon was he of course bent down and wrapped one arm around his lover’s waist, the younger locking his arms around his neck and letting himself be pulled out of the car and onto his feet that way.

“I never knew demons were so clingy,” Namjoon mused as he locked the car and half walked, half dragged the two of them to the elevator. “I’m a cuddle demon,” Yoongi mumbled into his shoulder and the older couldn’t keep himself from laughing, kissing his boyfriend’s cheek. “Of course you are. A very cute cuddle demon.”

“Mhm… I cuddle people to death,” Yoongi continued, tightening his hold around the elder’s neck slightly as if to prove his point.

“Sounds dangerous.”

“Mhm.”

Namjoon decided against flopping down on the couch in favor of getting rid of all the makeup that was still on their faces. He seated Yoongi on the counter top in the bathroom and smiled at him as he saw his sleepy expression. Parties always wore him out, interacting with so many people had this effect on him.

He smiled back at Namjoon tiredly, not really registering that the older ducked his head under his jaw and opened his mouth to-

“Ow!” Yoongi yelped, startling out of his sleepy state and gaping at Namjoon wide-eyed and with an open mouth, the vampire snickering at his shocked expression. “Sorry, I couldn’t resist.”

Yoongi needed a moment to find his voice, one hand coming up to touch his neck. “Did… did you just bite me?” he asked scandalized and Namjoon laughed again, coming back to nuzzle his neck until Yoongi pushed him back with a scowl. “You don’t get to bite me and then cuddle like nothing happened,” he said, a pout sneaking onto his lips and damnit, sleepy Yoongi was just too cute.

Namjoon smirked and grabbed the chain that was still connected to the younger’s collar, pulling him forward and off the counter which left the black-haired spluttering in surprise. Before he had time to react though Namjoon had already grabbed him and bend him over like you’d see some dancer do with their partners.

He smiled down at the younger who looked at him comically. “I did say I wanted a little snack,” he said and Yoongi huffed, rolling his eyes and trying to get up which turned out to be pretty much impossible without falling over. “You just wanted to bite me because of those teeth, don’t lie,” he huffed and Namjoon grinned. “Maybe.” He helped the younger stand properly again and snickered as he saw the two small red spots at the side of his neck.

Together they washed up, Namjoon taking off the younger’s headband and his collar before taking care of his own outfit and makeup. It took another thirty minutes until they were finally dressed in the pajamas and climbing under the covers, Yoongi latching onto Namjoon almost immediately and curling around him, snuggling impossible close. “M’

gonna suffocate you in your sleep," he mumbled while he squished his cheek against his lover's chest.

The older justs snorted. "Whatever you want, pumpkin."

"Halloween is over, no pumpkin," Yoongi mumbled back.

"Okay then we can start with Christmas pet names."

"Please don't."

"My little mistletoe."

Yoongi groaned and rolled away but didn't get far before arms sneaked around his waist and pulled him back into Namjoon's chest. "My adorable reindeer, my sweet cookie."

"Shut up," the younger rasped, getting comfortable in his lover's embrace, getting a few more kisses from the older.

"I love you," Namjoon sang into his ear and he sighed. "Love you too but now shut up and go to sleep."

The older snickered but complied after kissing the younger's neck one last time.

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